lp hym gode Robyn
ȳge all of this care
atlyt in heluyn hye
e vs well to fare

¶ The .v. fytte

D we hath ȳ knyght his leue I take
nd went hym on his waye.
ode and his merymen
full styll many a day
nd lysten gentylmen
kenech what I shall say
proude sheryf of Notyngham.
pe a full fayre play
the beste archers of the northe
come vpon a day
hat shoteth all thee beste
ne shall bere a way
shoteth all there beste
fayre and lowe
re of fynely buttes
he grene wode shawe
good arowe he shall haue.
fre of syluer whyte
e and the feders of tyche redegolde
lond is none lyke
, the good Robyn
is trystell tree
ou redy wyght ponge men
stynge wyll I fe
ou my merye ge men
oo with me.
yll wete the sheryffes fayth.

Stode by Robyns knee
The buttes were layre and longe
whan they came to Notyngham
Many was the bolde archere.
That shoted with bowes stronge
There shall but syx shote with me
The other shall kepe my hede.
And stande with gode bowes Ibent.
That I be not decepued
The fourthe outlawe his bowe can bende
And that was Robyn hode
And that beheide the proude sheryf
All by the but as he stode
Thryes Robyn shet a boute
And alwey they clyft the wande
And so dyd gode gylbert
with the whyte hande.
Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke
were archers good in fere
Lytell Muche and good Reynolde
The worste wolde they not be
whan they had shot a boute
These archers layre and good
Euer more was the best
For sothe Robyn hode
Hym was delyuered the good arowe
For best worthy was he
He toke the pece so curteysly.
To grene wode thā wolde he
They cryed out on Robyn
And grete hornes can they blowe.
wo worth treason sayd Robyn

pide tozell
I the in grenewode.
my tryſtyll tre
ſholdeſt leue me a better wedde
e thy trewe lewte
any a bowe there was bent
owes lete they glyde
a kyrtell there was rent
rte many aſyde.
uclawes ſhot was ſo ſtronge
o man myght them dryue
e proude ſherykes men
fled away full blyue
ſawe the buſſhement to brok
newode he wolde haue be.
an arowe there was ſhote
ge that company
Johan was hurte full ſoze
n arowe on his kne
he myght neyther go ne ryde
s full grete pyte.
ter then ſayd lytell Johan
; thou loueſt me
)z tha pike lozdes loue
dyed vpon a tree.
z th' meddes of my ſeruyce
I haue ſerued the
euer the proude ſheryf
: nowe fynde me
ake all out thy boune I werde
nyght and day of my lyfe
ſyue me wounded depe and wyde.

God forbede sayd lytell Muche
That dyed vpon a tree
That thou sholdest lytell Johan.
Parte our company
Up he toke hym on his backe.
And bare hym well a myle.
Many a tyme he layde hym downe.
And shote a nother whyle
Then was there a fayre castell
Lytell within the wode
Double dyched it was a boute
And walled by the rode.
And there dwelled that gentyll knyght.
Syr Rychard at the lee
That Robyn hode lente his good
Under the grene wode tree.
In he toke good Robyn.
And all his company
welcome be thou Robyn hode
welcome arte thou to me
And myche thanke t he of the comforte
And of thy curtesye
And of the grete kyndenesse
Under the grene wode tree.
I loue no man in all this worlde
So moche as I do the
For all the proude sheryf of Notyngham
Ryght here shalte thou be
Shyt the gates and drawe vp the rydge
And let no man come in
And arme you well and make you redy.
And to the walle ye wynne

hyne.
e mayd and clothes were spred.
a none
and his mery men.
they gone
The .vi fytte
and lysten geneylmen.
herkeneth to your longe.
ude sheryf of Notyngham
rmes stronge
ne to the hye sheryf
vp to route
et the knyghtes castell.
ll a boute
sheryf loude gan crye
u traytoure knyght.
here the kynges ennye
awes and ryght
uowe that I haue done
ou here be dyght.
londes that I haue.
eue knyght
fyrst on your way.
moze to me.
e our kynges wyll
ay to the
hus had his answere
lesynge
e to london towne.
our kynge
e hym of that knyghe
obyn hode

He wolde be lorde and lef you at
In all the northe londe.
I woll be at Notyngham layd our kyn
within this fourtenyght
And take I wyll Robyn hode.
And so I wyll that knyght
Goo home thou proude sheryf
And doo as I the bydde
And ordeyne good archers I nowe
Of all the wyde countre
The sheryf had his leue I take
And went hym on his way
And Robyn hode to grenewode
Upon a certayne day
And ytell Johan was hole of the arow
That shot was in his kne.
And dyde hym streyte to Robyn hode
Under the grene wode tre
Robyn hode walked in the forest
Under the leues grene
The proude sheryf of Notyngham
Therfore he had grete tene
The sheryf there sayled of Robyn hod
He myght not haue his pray
Then he awayted thys gentyll [illegible]
[illegible]he vp nyght and day
Euer he wayted this gentyll knyght
Syr Rychard at the lee
As he wente on haukynge by the ryuer
And lete his haukes
Toke he there this [illegible] knyght
with men of armes stronge

an hondred poumde
Robyn hode
he knyghtes wyfe
and a fre
on gode palfray
ode a non rode the
me in the fozeft
trene wode tre.
here Robyn hode
fayre meyne
good Robyn
company
ladye loue.
at thou me.
euer my wedded lozde
flayne be.
bounde to Notyngham warde
of the
layd good Robyn
y free
ath your lozde I take
I the fay.
three myles.
your day
good Robyn
be wode
ry yongemen
at dyed on rode.
this fozowe forsaketh
at dyed on
uer in grene wodde
dwell with me

I make myn a vowe to godlayd
The sheryf wolde I layne se.
[illegible] yf I may hym take
[illegible] yee then shall it be
And whan they came to Notyngham
They walked in the stretе
And with the proude sheryf I wys
Sone can they mete
Abyde thou proude sheryf he sayd
Abyde and speke with me
Of some tydynges of our kynge
I wolde fayne here of the
This. vii. yere by dere worthy god.
Nе yede I to faste on fote
I make myn a vowe to god thou prout
It is not for thy good .
Robyn bent a full good bowe.
An arowe he drewe at wyll
He hyt so the proude sheryf
Upon the grounde he lay full styll
And or he myght up a ryse.
On his fete to stonde
He smote of the sheryffes hede.
With his bryght brande
Lye thou there thou proude sheryf
[illegible] thou chrys
[illegible] myght no man to the strude
The whyles thou were a lyue.
His men drewe out theyr bryght swerde
That were bothe sharp [illegible] kene
And layd on the sheryffs men
And dryued them downe by dene